



CAMPUS GOES NATIVE !!

BEER PLAN FOR ALFRED!

Burp Clutz Advocates Beer Brewery Plan For Control of Beer

Mr. Burp Clutz, class of '54, was yanked out of the breadline to give a pep talk on the control of beer in Alfred. Mr. Clutz's speech (if I may call it such) contains many items which the faculty are adopting. I have reprinted the address below:

My beer friends, hic, 3 1/2% beverage has added to my girlish figure until I am now the talk and toast of the burg (meaning Alfred). Seventy-eight years ago I gadeated from this here dump without a dime for a glass of beer. Now I have a bottle of beer which I found in Norwood's cellar. At this point the entire audience broke for the door. Motorcycle cop led the way to the Norwood home, where refreshments were served.

Clutz staggered to the edge of the stage and fell into Titsworth's lap. Titsworth recognized the smell and left him stay. Ah, sweet essence. Clutz continued his speech from a bed which was placed on the platform.

My friends we cannot support both a college and a brewery so tomorrow we start to tear down the college. All Frosh will kindly report in evening clothes so that tearing down may be started. Clutz paused as this point to deposit most of his meal over the side of the bed. Feeling much better, Burp continued his discourse.

Burp outlined his plan for the sponsoring of a pretzel factory in the basement of the library with a beer garden on the first floor. Ruth Greene has been recommended for hostess. The Ceramic school has agreed to make the moulds for the pretzel manufacturing. The glass technology department has devoted an entire period each day for the designing of beer goblets. It has also been proposed to move Benny's to Alfred. It is estimated that this plan will save \$450 dollars in shoe leather for the bummers.

Bartender courses will begin next semester with the regular B. S. degree given for completion of the course. Lab. periods include the sampling of all alcoholic beverages. The student who proves that he can hold the most will get the highest mark. The class work will be based on the curve. No home work will be allowed. Mr. Clutz gave a brief account of how he rose from a bar-fly to head bartender in only thirty-six years. He admitted that he paid strict attention to his work, never being sober.

Mr. Burp Clutz has promised to supervise the proposed beer garden which is expected to run the Collegiate out of business. The swinging doors will be painted in the college colors, purple and gold, with an Alfred "A" painted on each beer mug.

Speech was interrupted at this time when Prof. Whitford and Dr. Ross rose out in the audience. "We did not get our bellies from eating apples," they burped. There was much cheering and vegetable throwing at this time. Clutz wiped a ripe tomato off his beak and burped twice before continuing the conversation.

Alfred, he stated, has unlimited possibilities. There is room by close figuring for 4326 beer gardens and 1008 pretzel factories. Think of the work which the students will be able to obtain. Before they graduate,

Continued on page two

SNAGS JOB



Self Made Man

Old Grad Gets Shovel In New Deal; Snags Job In Spite of College

According to a straw vote conducted by the Literary Digest for the past three years, Joe Clutz '16, has secured job with pay.

"Our Joe" as he is commonly known on Alfred's fair campus is the third graduate in 16 years to bring this honor to our dear institution.

When interviewed by the Hornell Tribune Times this A. M., Joe said, in his drunken and lispng manner, "It's true men, I've done it. The New York D. C. S. has finally capitulated and here I am in my pretty white uniform—busy making my pile. Only yesterday I was walking the street and now I'm cleaning up."

BELCH COM. HOLDS MEETING TO DISCUSS FACULTY FAILURES

At a recent meeting of the Belch committee the following men were discussed and recussed.

The Belch committee was forced to remove Charlie Snorgood and two steps and a half (has added one since the operation).

Spaul's Dogwood has never allowed the men to drink because he thinks they can't take it. I guess he means well. He refused to pass the proposed "Rass a my Dazz" society for sponsoring of week-end parties and for co-operative buying of beer. Whataman. Dean Pussyfoot Regan has vetoed the 4:00 o'clock permission idea and her only reply to smoking is "Nerts" how unladylike. Another thing—she even thinks studies come before sports. tsh tsh.

Billiardball Whitford has been recommended, by the committee, for breadline, because of his pop quizzes. Brother can you spare a dime. It seems, too, that the students resent this stop watch idea for lateness.

Chapstet McLeod who was hostess at the Social Hall Bar last Saturday P. M., has promised to do all in his power to get better beer for us.

It was announced in the "crap" meeting today that favors for the next "All College Dance" would be a case of scotch and an inlaid hip flask.

Thornbush girls are sinking, "I'd give my shoes for one more drink of so and so's booze."

Large (he man) cigars have been supplimented for the knitting bees at sorority houses.

Class cutting has become a contest, for the Dum Dee Dum Goodrich cup. It is pathetic to see Fatty Saunders lecturing to Traitor De Carlo who persists in attending classes.

The new necking course has met instant approval and three hours credit is given for the required two hour lab period. Bassett and Vezzoli, veteran soul kissers are up to their ears in work (?).

GIRLS OF WALLA WALL TO HOLD SHIN DIG AT ALFRED HOTEL

The girls of Walla Wall (A. U.) commonly called the weaker sex (?) will throw the annual shindig at the Alfred hotel.

Anything else? Why of course. There will be color, music, romance, perhaps hysteria and maybe a nice riot call. At any rate the staunch Hornell police are sleeping in readiness, half expecting a hurry night call. Bless their little hearts.

In order to increase the attendance, the committee has reduced its price from \$3.00 to \$2.72 plus \$.28 tax, and in order to encourage the babes, to bring men the price per couple has been reduced to \$24, which includes free booze, taxi, punch, sweat shirt, extra collar button, etc., etc.

Why also, Ah, yess; the music will be administered by Spaul Shalmi's and his Burper's.

"That's the nuts," was the comment of Beer Eyes Minnich when he first heard of the proposed brawl. "That's the nuts," he practically repeated himself a few drinks later. "Nerts," he muttered an hour later and at the present time he has no statement for the press.

The dance has all the ear-marks of a social gathering. No serious trouble is anticipated from the group of faculty play-boys led by Corned Fed (the Original Local Boy, who made Good) and Joe Seidlin, alias Ensteen. Official odds at the collegiate were 8-1 that Prof. Potter (chairman of Dew Dropp Inn Club) would not be able to crash the dance. But after all that's a lot to expect from one man.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday—Burping contest between Berkman and "Red" Java, at 9:30 P. M. at home of Dean Snorwood

Wednesday—Inter-sorority smoker at Klan Alpine, 9—till dawn

Thursday—Bonecrusher Snorwood will defend his 146 2-3 lb. title in tittle winks against Gus Holmes

Friday—Talk at Alumni Hull. Title "How I slay 'em with my little yellow ear." Speaker Vezzoli.

Saturday—Day of Rest

9:00—Varsity horseshoes

10:00—Chest expansion tournament

11:00—Beer drinking contest

12:00—Sardine sandwiches, 3 1/2% beverage, Camels, etc., at sororities

1:00—Crew racing on the Kanakadea, Roshbunt vs. Burdick Hall

2:00—Necking contest on Pine Ball. Bill Brown will chaperone

3:00—Mountain climb to Kappa Psi

4:00—Open house at the Pool Room, positively no men allowed. Yoo hoo Dickens

5:00—Pole vaulting exhibition between Tubby Potter and Arvid Hanson

6:00—Time out for vituals. Come and get (it)

7:00 All roads will be cleared for parking. College will donate cars

8:00—Pole setting contest between Middaugh and Deegan

9:00—Sidewalks rolled in. Be careful

10:00—Lights out. Use a candle

11:00—Meeting at Barnett's for—oh, well

12:00—and so on

STUDENTS GO NUTS AS NEW ERA LAYS BARE CHOICEST SCANDAL

CAMPUS QUEEN



Lezzie Clutz '33 (Beating Competitors)

Lezzie Clutz Beats All Competitors To Be Elected Campus Queen

Lezzie Clutz, '33, was elected campus queen for the 83rd consecutive time. Lizzie's closest competitor, Joe Clutz's sister was stabbed 401 times, had 18 bullet wounds and one leg was cut off. Foul play is suspected.

"Our Liz" was confident of the outcome for she had ordered a complete new outfit, including 6 petticoats, 6 sets garters, 22 pairs of shoes, size 10 1/2, 2 brass cuspidors, 1 earring with collar button to match, 2 blonde chest wigs, 1 fur lined bath tub, bath powder,—ah yes and 1 girdle.

Liz received approximately \$24 in cash prizes, but this is expected to reach \$.50 when all donations are received.

Elizabeth Harriet Glutz is the maidens real name, which she is releasing for publication. "Liz" now goes to the national contest at Glutzville. Bring back the crown (I can't chew my food).

DEANS GO AFIELD FOR MORE SUCKERS AS DOUGH WANES

Dean's Norwood, Holmes and Degen received the bum's rush when they attempted to seize high school seniors in Hornell.

We will not take your money if you come to the institution, (alias Alfred). Instead we will pay you money.

You'll go nuts if you try to get a position so you might as well be here. You have no idea of what advantages Alfred students enjoy. They don't either.

Our motto is a case book in every case and a case at every party.

We want you to enjoy Alfred, \$2434.24 per semester.—

Bring your relatives to a duck dinner. You bring the — we won't go into that again.

NOTICE!

The Soviet Student Government would like to announce (have they got their nerve) that girl's cannot clinch their dates before twelve o'clock on week days. Pres. Rudderford also requests all gals to roll their own (cigarettes) and not be such doity bums.

Dean Nora Pekin Leads Raiders To Pine Hill, 432 Students Surprised

Led by Dean Nora Pekin, 30 year Dean of Women, and for the same length of time mean to women, a raid was conducted by the faculty on a pre-season blanket-party on Pine Hill.

Members of the raiding party include Harrass (and does she), Carpet Weaver, Norwud, Charlie Boneroe, and 68 assistants. It was a long and difficult climb to the summit. Regan's girdle gave her a lot of trouble during the journey as it shut off her air supply. Conroe slipped and fell to the bottom of the hill. His remains are to be placed in the Steinhelm.

At last the summit was reached. Crawling on their bellies, the party crept up on the spot where the blanket party was to be. An ant crawled up Regan's leg and she screamed. (my what a brave ant). 432 figures rose to view at the sound of her voice. "My Gawd", exclaimed Regan, "are they having a track meet up here tonight?" "We have been betrayed", the throng chanted. The raiding party was at loss to know what to do as they had not counted on such a large number.

From among the flowers, Frahme arose and said, "Well Degan fancy meeting you here, I'm only waiting for a streetcar." (and yet we wonder how the boys graduate from this here institution.)

Dora Regan was so flabbergasted that she dropped her false teeth on the ground. 78 Frosh broke legs, arms, and collar buttons in the rush to snatch the teeth. No they were not gallant, but there was gold in them thar teeth. If they didn't get the gold they would have stopped her from talking anyway.

Norwud cut his chin on a beer bottle which came flying through the air. Time out I've gotta shave. Snorwood went down for the count of 101, he got up panting and said, "I did it for Alfred."

By this time, the crowd had increased from 432—10,987 or nearly all of the population of Alfred.

Honroe took the platform and said, "What goes on at this time o'night? Ryskino, Goodandrich, Stully, and others said, "Skiboo." Apparently satisfied, the faculty became quite chummy with the students.

A light lunch consisting of: sardines, beer, corned beef and cabbage, and garbage from the Dormitory was served. Between glasses of beer the faculty admitted that they had never enjoyed an outing more. (yea brother)

Purple and gold pajamas were passed out to the brother faculty members and they were formally initiated into "order of groceries". Wendall passed out cold during the ceremony—my friends I am afraid that he couldn't take it. Dean Homes apologised for him.

Carpet Weaver was struck from behind with a keg of beer. Dirty work was suspected. He recovered in time to take the oath for membership.

FIAT LUX

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MANAGING BOARD

Editor—Will not give name
Assistant Editor—T. Twotz

Founded 1932, but soon losted
The Unofficial Organ of Alfred, but few realize it

EDITORIAL BOARD

You wouldn't admit it either

BUSINESS STAFF

How absurd—

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We Want Beer!

"A Burp in every classroom," that slogan of those indomitable men fighting for beer at dear old Alfalfa, brings to mind the good ole days when the Profs. passed out beer to all the students as they entered the classrooms so that all would pass out and the Profs. would not have to lecture then. How interesting the lectures were then, punctuated by occasional melodious hics and burps! Can't you see Swinegate leading "Sweet Adelaine" with the bass burps on the right hand side and the tenor hics on the left (you know, the aggies) and the belchers in the belchery holding their pans in front of them!

Arrangements have been made with the Town Water works to empty the reservoir and to fill it with 3.2 beer (no more, no less). Lines will be run to every class and thus beer will be on tap in every classroom. Professors took exception to this as they would have too many mugs to wash out, but every student has agreed to bring their own mugs.

An so to you my fond readers, we leave to you this inspiring message: "The bigger the mug, the more beer. The more beer, the easier it is to go on in this dump. The easier it is to go on, the more beer one can drink." And now for the theme song of this movement:

Near beer for ole Delta Sig,
Beer, beer for new Kappa Nu.
Send a Klan man out for gin,
Don't let a sober Theta Nu in.
We stagger around, but we never fall.
We sober up on wood alcohol.
When we're through we'll burn down the hall,
With the Kappa Psi drunks, that's all.

Concerning The Feeding ??? of The Students

Since I came to Alfred I have wasted away to a shadow of my former self. Allen's garbage has got me down and I pray each night that I can hold out until vacation. I sent Mom my picture last week, so that she will be able to recognize me when I come home. The last dead horse we had for hash certainly got me pals. They tell me that the fraternities and sororities couldn't go it last September. (Yes it was the same horse.)

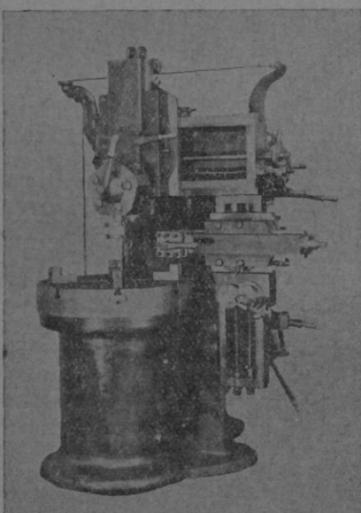
Now my friends why can't we take up a petition to have fresh horses for the hash, at least the time limit should be fixed at three months. They turn to glue after that. And besides six bucks a week should buy a fresh horse.

I was never so embarrassed as when I neighed in class yesterday. Even the profs. say nay, nay. And goat milk to wash the horse meat down certainly gets me. I regret that I have but one stomach but I must use it for a number of years to come (if I survive) so why not have fresh garbage for a change.

In case I should pass out, will someone please carry on the noble work that I have started?

A POOR, STARVED FROSH.

WILLIE WILYAMS SAYS



THIS MACHINE EXERTS A TREMENDOUS FORCE

Rules For Miss Conduct At Examinations

The following are the rules for student misconduct at those gosh-awful nightmares called examinations, as passed by the faculty. Dean Beanwagon, who has given these rules for publication says, "In accordance with these rules it is my extreme pleasure to announce that but three students are left in school as a result of the rest being caught cheating. The dopes! Ha cha cha! Page Schozzle."

1. All books, wraps, etc. (including rags) needed for the quiz must be used openly, if at all. Don't be a sneak.

2. Any communication between students must go through a professor or proctor in charge. And I mean through with a capitol "T". Of course—you can invite the prof too.

3. The appearance of cheating must be avoided. And how! Circumstantial evidence can lead to dismissal. Ah me, cruel, cruel justice. Men have been hanged for such, too, but that did not prove they were guilty. Hey, I'm the Dean here and I've got to side in with the school.

4. Heavy sweaters are not permitted at examinations of an hour or longer. (In the summer, too?) Don't be foolish.

5. No blue books are to be brought to the examination room. You can't even take them out. The proctor may permit question papers to be taken out before the exam.

6. Certain types of home-work and laboratory experiments may receive the regular grade and then again they may not. You know how it is. Other types will merely be S. or U., sloppy or ultra-irksome, great or lousy. The instructors in each department will decide what types of work they will give the regular grades. Hey, that's too much responsibility for those guys. Alright strike that out. Work marked S. or U. as above will not be subject to the disciplinary scheme.

The disciplinary scheme is as follows:

7. When a student is suspected of cheating (oh how could you?) the evidence shall be received a la Carroll. The proctor shall then frame up the evidence with another faculty member. Between the two of them they should make it good. F's shall be given liberally if the student is found guilty and believe me he hasn't got a chance. An F given for cheating shall be indicated in a special way by the registrar. You said it, very special.

8. A student who receives an F for cheating is given the choice of remaining in the class or of dropping the course. In either case he must repeat the work for which an F was given. Certainly is a nice alternative, isn't it.

9. The faculty takes extreme pleasure in the above proctor system. It is not our desire to bring back the honor system, however, that move will be made when students show themselves capable of managing such a system, but no sooner. Sooner? Throw it out!

APRIL FOOL

The following boys swear that they have not been to Bennies or Charlie's, or Fan's, or in similar joints this week:

INWITH

Stocky Baskett, who graduated after five previous attempts, is sticking around to give the molls a break. In this mood, he also gave Paul Whiteman a break and has signed a contract to croon for him this summer.

Wallace Clark, last year's valedictorian, is still trying to pail that cow he used to keep in Delta Sig's barn.

John Grantier, one time All-American, is trying to kill the depression by coming to Alfred. That's no way to kill it! He and his sidekick, Daily Hockwood, have opened a tea room. To attract business, they recently joined the Ladies Sewing Circle.

Freddie Horse has recently been expelled from Cornell for cluttering up the gutters after all night drunks. Send us the address of your bootlegger, Fred!

Cassimer Obourn, after visiting in vain many marriage agencies, has given it up as a bad job and is batching it. Why Lou, we always thought you were a smoothie

Two Door Reamer is hostess at her father's night club where her beaming smiles makes that Rochester Rot-gut drinkable.

It is rumored that a certain Van Dime has had forty-three affairs in the past year. What a woman! Her address will not be disclosed to the common public, but an ad in the personal column will reach her.

We have been wondering why Georgie Mauks bought a roadster after graduating. You can stretch out so much better in a sedan. Suppose that the depression has been cramping his style of late.

APRIL FOOL

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Theta: Pat's girl is just like the drink of the Gods.

Delta: How so?

Theta: Everybody's nectar.

Turk: Pardon Miss, but swimming is not allowed in Prexy's tub.

Alfred Co-ed: Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?

Turk: Because there ain't no law about undressing.

Aggie had a little swing,

It isn't hard to find,
And every place that Aggie goes,
The swing is just behind.

Kappa: What sort of a dress did Patty wear to the party last P. M.?

Beta: I think it was checked.

Kappa: Boy, that must have been a real party.

Then there was the case of the young lady who had water on the knee and the Doctor told her to wear pumps.

Eddie: Darling I have been thinking of something for a long time. Something is trembling on my lips.

Helen: Why don't you shave it off?

And then there's the case of the dumb Frosh, who packed up her valise when her boy friend asked her to go to "Grand Hotel" with him.

Girls who keep on slapping faces
Don't see sights and don't go places.

Girls who can't stand friendly tussels
Should wear crinolines—or bustles.

Girls who act like elder sitters
Seldom register with the Misterys.

Girls who claim that "they're surprised".
Should be psychoanalyzed.

Girls who will not kiss at parting
Don't get asked again—that's sartin.
(With due apology to Kipling)

What the Dean doesn't know about the men's activities:

BURP CLUTZ ADVOCATES BREWERY FOR CONTROL OF BEER

Continued from page one.

They will own a garden of their own. Sororities and Fraternities will no longer have to import their liquids for the shindigs. Burp passed out cold this time and artificial respiration had to be used to bring him too. A glass of beer helped out a lot. The fumes from Clutz's breath got the best of Holmes and he too passed out. The meeting started to attain the usual riot form so a cheer was given for Burp and the rally broke up.

Our slogan beer by 1999.

APRIL FOOL

List of those girls who boast a high stainless name:

B. S. BASSETT

Kuppenheimer Good Clothes
Wilson Bros. Furnishings
Walk-Over Shoes

COON'S CORNER STORE

Alfred
CANDY, FRUIT and NUTS
MATTIE ICE CREAM

Have you thought of making DENTISTRY YOUR LIFE WORK?

THE Harvard University Dental School offers a comprehensive course in this field of health service, which is becoming increasingly important in relation to medicine and public health.

A "Class A" school.

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WITH ZIPPER \$4.95

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NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF CERAMICS

Alfred University, Alfred,
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Curriculum—Ceramic Engineering

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Eleven Instructors

Dean: M. E. Holmes

Roper Clarke Interviews President Roosevelt

Alfred is at last on the map. One of our book worms, none other than Spauls Axel Clarke has made his mark at last. Yes it is true that he wrote his name on Roosevelt's desk top (meaning our pal President Roosevelt).

It happened this way fellow readers. It was Clarke's fourth fifteen minute visit to the postoffice this A. M., when he received an official looking pink envelope. Spauls was amazed in fact he was dumbfounded. He tore from the postoffice with a great burst of speed crying, "What can it be?" Uncle Rudunk Cohen, and Axel Mitchell dragged him down and with tremendous force tore the envelope open. Clarke patted into place an unruly hair and said, "What is it pal-e-walsee?"

The letter read as follows:
Dear Palinkle Roper:—

As you know I am now president of this place they call the United States (don't make me laugh they are not united). The white house is quite a shack and I have no doubt but what we can throw a very good beer party here soon. When can you get down from Alfred (he meant how long is your sentence)? To think that we are old school mates (yes they went to different schools together), and yet I am now president and you are in your 54th year at Alfred prep. When can I expect you down?

Your pal,
Franke.

Six and one-half minutes later Spauls was on the road to Hornellsville. Frankie met him at the city limits in Wash-a-ton and escorted him down Pennsylvania avenue. Clarke was forced to borrow the president's stovepipe hat in order to tip his hat to the admiring throngs that swarmed around the car. 32,000 of the Washington-Alfred alumni cheered from a nearby beer garden. The car was stopped while Prexy and Roper lapped up a couple gallons of 3.2% beverage. The two boys staggered to the rest room and changed to formal knickers, sweatshirts, and checkered socks.

At last they came to the white house. Spauls thought it was a stable, it wasn't it was a barn. Carefully picking their way through the boulders, wrecks, unemployed (2 billion in round numbers), broken bottles, etc., that cluttered up the lawn of the white house, they reached the door. The key failed to open the door so they chopped the door in with an axe which Clarke had in his overcoat.

Soup and rye bread was served before they could take off their coats and spats. Frankie then got out his jig-saw puzzle and the two boys started in. 43 cigars and 678 glashes of beer later the president said, Roper I am going to make you Secretary of the Interior, and I want you to prac-

STUDENTS IMPEACH FACULTY THROUGH STUPID SENATE

As its last official act, the old Stupid Senate impeached all faculty members for grave offenses at the last meeting beneath the library Wednesday.

Dr. Willie Wilyams, the worst offender, was convicted and sentenced to pay on the nose, I mean in gold, as the worst gate crasher ever to disgrace this fair Campus. Charges of cruelty to dumb animals (students) were dismissed when Lily (pardon Willie) cried, "I could not stand such humility".

Prof. Hrandall, that versatile social lion, was given a chance to repent for his sins. Stubborn to the last, he finally bended his will (what a will) and pleaded for mercy. Undaunted, the court sentenced him to the eternal boredom of hearing himself lecture.

Soupie Campbell, Ah, what a criminal, leaned against the bar, (what, no beer). No, strike that from the records. He pleaded to the bar to forgive his inhumanity in withholding from his fond pupils the ninety-seven ways and how to play safe. Come clean Prof. Decison was suspended till further investigation. Full report will be made of the results. Don't be impatient, you may learn too.

The Hornell Flash, no other than our Skitsworth, had to give a full account of his experiences in a certain Institution. (Blushing and ashamed, I must go on for the sake of you, my dear readers). No, I am too embarrassed, he was sentenced.

Court adjourned for Hornell immediately after this case. Yes, they took a case with them to see that hospital case.

APRIL FOOL

tice until you can find a beer that will not hurt the interior (meaning stomach). Spauls heaved a spittoon which caught the butler in the ear. The butler entered into the spirit of the thing and heaved a fur lined bath tub back, which unfortunately hit Frankie. Frankie screamed for the guard, "Come forth," he cried. They slipped on a piece of sagger clay and came fifth.

"The 18th amendment should be enforced," Frankie BURPED between glasses. I, myself, have never cared for the stuff but to be sociable, I don't mind a few kegs.

"What is your plan for unemployment," chirped Axel.

"I believe that it will eventually take care of itself," hiccuped Frankie. There are two more men employed this year than last year, so it shouldn't take more than a million years to settle this argument.

Clarke was getting disgusted with the lousy beer, so he asked, "Let's hit the hay, ole boy?"

Roosevelt will be the guest of Mitchelllic, Wallace, and Spaul Clarke at the Burdick ratsnest next week, just one of the boys.

APRIL FOOL

WHAT'S WHAT AT THE OTHER COLLEGES

Students at the University of Baltimore can no longer wear dark glasses to class. The profs found out that they were using them as a shield to sleep behind.

Co-eds at dear old Houghton College cheered when the beer amendment was passed, but it won't do them any good until they pass an amendment making the beverage unsmellable.

The fair sex at Wellsley sure have a tough time making the grade—unless a co-ed manages to get four dates a week, hold her own drinking cocktails, she is positively ostacised. Consider yourselves fortunate, Alfred dolls.

A raid at Ohio State on the fraternity houses for booze was successful in finding the following things: 6 silk stockings, 4 clean shirts, 888 dirty ones, 1 cat but NO BOOZE. The agents don't know that the depression is on.

And they talk about busting out of college. After a ten day session, the faculty at Penn State passes a student in gym so that he may remain in college and not be with the unemployed.

Combining the co-eds sections with the mens may not tend to create better marks, but it does cut down a whole lot of expense at Louisiana University.

The Girls Dormitory burned down at Iowa State University last week and seven men were burned. No they were not firemen.

At Syracuse University the following set of things have been entered in the handbook for girls to know:

1. That she will not be disillusioned about life.
2. Everything about sex.
3. How to dance, smoke, drink and pet.
4. How to develop "will power resistance".
5. How to act with "lit" men.
6. That life is just "give and take".

At Texas University, the students have paid a few chosen co-eds to sit in the front row. The prof stood it for about a week and then gave up in despair. "He couldn't take it".

The editorial office of the college weekly was destroyed by a bomb at Chicago last month. The guilty ones were caught. Let this be a lesson to you.

Mens college has been separated from the co-eds school at Duke University. There's enough unemployed as it is. And that SOUTHERN atmosphere.

The girls football team beat the varsity at Oberlin. The WEAKER SEX—don't make me laugh.

The following girls do not smoke:

ALFRED BAKERY

Fancy Baked Goods

H. E. PIETERS

Heart's Delight

FOOD PRODUCTS

"JUST HIT THE SPOT"

BOSTONIAN SHOES

Now Priced At

\$5.00 and \$6.50

HAMILTON SHOE STORE

X-Ray Shoe Fitters

Wellsville, N. Y.

CANNON CLOTHING CO.

WELLSVILLE, NEW YORK

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

MIDLISHADE CLOTHES, FASHION PARK

MAY WE COME TO YOUR PARTY?

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WHAT A FOOL!

FACULTY WIN NATIONAL MEET IN PREXY'S BATH TUB, SATURDAY

Swinegate Breaks Forty-Two Records—Kiddie Cars Eliminated—Belfast Prep Takes Second—Randy Curtis Hypnotises Judges

Faculty men of this institution, alias Alfred, won the National And-over Track and Field Meet held in Prexy's bath tub, last Saturday P. M. (afternoon to you). Despite sloppy conditions of the field, Professor Swinegate crashed through to break forty-two records including "Girl of My Dreams" and other impossible records.

The Purple pajama-clad tracksters splashed through five inches of deep mud (ref. Alfred mud) to eliminate Cornell, N. Y. U., Dartmouth and Illinois, with little trouble, but met their main opposition from Belfast Prep. Kiddie cars were eliminated for the first time in the history of the meet, thereby greatly handicapping the veteran Alfred stars.

Using a quaint and erratic style, (in the hundred yard free style) THE Skitsworth of ALFRED, skipped his way past such worthy foes as Wycoff, Metcalf, Toppino, and Ryskino, placing his chestwig first. When questioned this morning, Skitsworth wiped the foam from off his lips to reply, "I did it for the Institution".

Irv Bonerow, that flighty vaulter, who has been training secretly in his parlor to perfect his technique, received a large Razzberry from the crowd for his failure to break the world's record. Falling, he gasped, "If only I had not broken my truss"—Ah, me, the pity of it. His faithful followers are collecting money to buy him a new truss so that he may compete in the Almond Invitation Meet.

As an experiment, Dr. Flaunders entered the mile dash. Flaunders starting strong, stopped off to get a "shot" thereby allowing his competitors to gain a two lap lead. Grabbing a nearby bicycle, Flaunders rapidly cut down their lead. Sounding his horn and with a derisive thumbing of his nose at the Judges, this gallant runner strode on to victory. What a man! What a SHOT! His record of three minutes flat sounds impossible—well it is.

Handall gave the boys a break to win the 440 hands down and toes up. Carr of Pennsylvania admitted that he had never received a worse defeat in his entire career as a pole setter. Eastman of Southern California, who also ran, refused to comment on the race except to say that it was a put-up job. Why Eastie, how you talk?

That Rotter came fourth in the half-mile only to place fifth despite the ardent cries of a little girl, "O Father, O Father, come out of that dirty tub".

Professor Illtellyou copyrighted the shot put so that none of the other girls could use it. His heave of six feet four inches, gave him a gold medal, one brass cuspidor, one carding system, and half an idea—it won't be so tough to think up ideas now, he only needs another half.

Somebody pulled the pole from behind Soupies' back, and he fell backwards thirty-two feet to win first place in broad jumping. They are still looking for him. Any information leading to his whereabouts will be appreciated by the Olympic Committee.

Joie Brown Seidle perfected the fourth dimension theory just before the hurdle event came off. Running outside of the hurdles, his famous theory enabled him to create the appearance of clearing the hurdles. Outdistancing the field of five men, he placed for an easy sixth.

The relay team, composed of Skitsworth, Dogwood, Rake, and Billiard-ball Spittford, had little trouble nabbing twenty-third place, beating out the Wellsville Romper girls with a final burst of speed.

Although Alfred received but one and seven-eighths points from her noble efforts, they were awarded and allowed to love that beautiful mug for winning first place. Randy Curtis hypnotised the judges into believing it was a cross country meet.

APRIL FOOL

SEINHEIN SLANTS

The following articles were found during the past month on the steps, roof and premises of our dear old museum: 2 collar buttons, 1 girdle, four sets of false teeth, 1 suit of flannel underwear, 1 tan oxford, size 11½ for the left foot, 1 dead horse shot in the leg, and 44 bobby pins.

And they say that the damn Southerners will not mix with the Yankees. Ask the grapplers, and if the Steinheim could only talk.

Sixteen collegians were injured in the rush to get the back door of the Steinheim last Saturday P. M. The dead were placed in the morgue for further identification.

The roaches are multiplying rapidly in the Thornbush these days. The girls sleep in shifts so that they will survive the nights. Two of the girls who were bitten last week are expected to pull through.

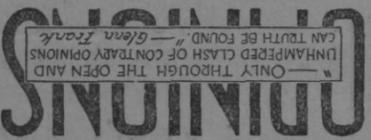
Did you know that Mitchell's Uncle Charlie has no horse. It was merely a false rumor.

The black rats beat the white rats in the nightly polo game at Burdick Hall last night. Odds are 11-1 that they will win the series.

The cement road in front of the Ceramic School has been torn up. A tunnel is being constructed from the dormitory to all buildings so that the Frosh will no longer have to wear Frosh hats.

Reserved seats are on sale at Ellis' for Saturday night at Steinheim. Come early and avoid the rush.

APRIL FOOL



Dear Editor:—

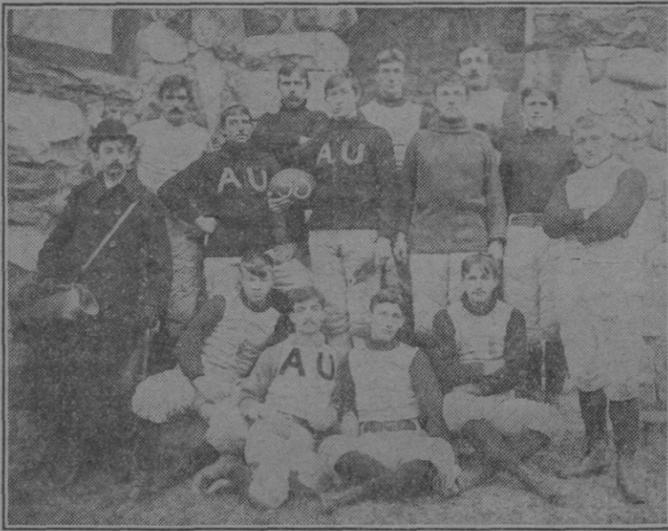
As a member of the class of '49, I would like to state my views concerning the burning of the Brick and its subsequent remodeling. I vividly remember when the Brick burnt down in '58. At that time, all the boys chipped in till a collection of five dimes (The philanthropists), six nickels, one phony, thirteen cents in confederate currency, and a slightly used roll of tissue paper was collected. This substantial pot more than enabled the committee to build a model dormitory for the weaker sex??

But now, my dear Editor, rumor has it that a hundred and fourteen dollars (MY, MY, is there that much money in the country) is being wasted and squandered in an attempt to equal that structure of years ago. Of course, I realize that the contractor, who has several wives and one child to support, must get his cut out of this hard earned Alumni money; but, the Alumni donated this enormous sum for the building of a new college and do not want it thrown away on only one building. The following buildings were to be built with this Alumni money: one stadium, capacity 70,000; one swimming pool and sand beach; six new dorms; paved roads throughout the campus, and the balance for helping needy students.

Bringing these facts to your attention, we want to know where our dough went?????

An Alumnus.

This space is dedicated to the uplift of women:



Vassar again puts out winning ping pong team. Miss Glutz, captain, has a right to hold the ball. Who said she didn't? Turtle neck sweaters are all the go girls. The maiden with the strop over her shoulder brought a bench.

Season's record:

- Vassar 14 2-3—Alfred 10 (tie)
- Vassar 202.—Cornell .023
- Vassar (also won)—Princeton would not allow score to be published.
- Vassar 12—Alabama forty fo—Undeclared, untied, unscored upon.

My, my how the girls do get on.

The team:

Cutes Glutz, Joe Glutz, Warren P. Glutz, Paul Glutz, David Glutz, Loomis Glutz and other faculty members who refused to allow the name of Glutz to be dragged in the dirt.

THE NEW BRICK



Ladies (?) Hall rebuilt at cost of \$2, 434,000.28. This modern building is one of our finest buildings—Ay there's the rub.

P. S.—One of the girls just arrived in her chariot. Whoops.



CAMPUS PERSONALS

Roaring Regan again took the blindfold test—she sure knows her camels.

Eddie Minelfelter walked in his sleep the other night. He fell out of the third story window of the Thornbush.

The Burdick Hall formal dance was well attended by the inhabitants who came attired in overalls. It was one of the nicest brawls of the social seasons. Thirty wenchies from out of town were here. Mi-Gwad, but it war some hop, a fair co-ed from Mildew exclaimed.

A cigarette with lip stick upon it was found near the Collegiate. The faculty is offering a reward of a three point index to information leading to the conviction of the guilty one.

A certain grappler has turned smoothie and is slaying the weaker sex—and I mean slaying. He received 14 bids to the backward dance. How many? Well, 3. Now you know.

The town drunks are being collected and are placed in Prexy's bath tub. Take a look, you may find a lost roommate in there.

At a recent beer drinking contest—the faculty beat the undergraduates 300 glasses to 298. Hodges fell down in the pinches.

The Dean of Women requires the girls to sing "The Breakaway" when they come down the halls so that they will not be able to creep up on her unawares.

Blinders are being sold by an enterprising Senior to keep us in the straight and narrow.

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